

BLAZE UNDER FLOORING

Old Dominion Pier A Threatened by Fire.

DISCOVERED IN GOOD TIME

Police Officer Webb Happened to be Standing Nearby When Blaze Shot Up From Pier—No Serious Damage Was Done.

Fire broke out under the flooring at the extreme end of Old Dominion pier A about 10 o'clock yesterday morning and for a short time it looked as if a portion of that section of the dock would be destroyed. Police Officer Webb, Herman Ernest Christian and others who were at the scene, quickly got a stream of water on the flames from the hose on the dock and succeeded in extinguishing the blaze before the dock had been damaged to any great extent. No alarm was sent in to the city department.

The fire is supposed to have been caused by some one throwing a lighted cigar between the cracks in the pier flooring.

Officer Webb and several other people were standing near one of the piles to which hawsers are fastened and the pile suddenly burst into flames. At the same time the men noticed that the lower side of the flooring was afire.

SHIPPING REPORT

Friday, October 25, 1907.

Arrived.

Steamer Albano (Ger.), Kiedsuhld, Hamburg, via New York—to United States Shipping Company, with imports.

Steamer Ikbal (Br.), Robertson, Galveston—to White Oak Coal Company for bunker coal.

Steamer Turbo (Br.), Foster, Port Arthur—to Chesapeake and Ohio Coal Agency for bunker coal.

Schooner Nathaniel T. Palmer, Womell, Portland—to White Oak Coal Company in ballast.

Schooner Daylight, Nickerson, Boston—to White Oak Coal Company, in ballast.

Schooner Clarence H. Venable, Baker, Boston—to White Oak Coal Company, in ballast.

Schooner Robert Graham Dunn, McKown, Boston—to White Oak Coal Company, in ballast.

Schooner Governor Powers, Kent, New York—to Smokeless Fuel Company, in ballast.

Schooner Mary Messer, Pierce, Boston—to New River Consolidated Coal Company, in ballast.

Schooner Clara E. Randall, Carlson, Portland—to W. Wittenburg, in ballast. Vessel handled by H. E. Parker.

Barge General Knox, from Providence—to Smokeless Fuel Company, in ballast.

Barge J. Carleton Hudson from Pawtucket—to New River Consolidated Coal Company in ballast.

Barge Charles K. Nickols from Pawtucket—to New River Consolidated Coal Company in ballast.

Cleared.

Steamer Rhodesian (Br.), Peart, Marcellus—Chesapeake and Ohio Coal Agency Company.

Steamer Alice (Br.), Pederson, Amherst, Nova Scotia—Furness, Withy and Company, Ltd.

Steamer Ikbal (Br.), Robertson, Liverpool—Furness, Withy and Company, Ltd.

Sailed.

Steamer Nordkyn (Nor.), Lind, Colon—Rhodesian (Br.), Peart, Marcellus; Alice (Br.), Pederson, Nova Scotia; Turbo (Br.), Foster, Hamburg.

Schooner James W. Paul, Jr., Gilkey, Boston.

Calendar for Today.

Sun rises 6:23 a. m.
Sun sets 5:15 p. m.
High Water 10:56 a. m.; 1:18 p. m.
Low water 6:57 a. m.; 7:42 p. m.

Lumber for Nova Scotia.

The British steamer Alice, Captain

Buy Clothes Right.

Sweaters! Sweaters!

IN ALL SHADES & STYLES.

\$1 to \$4

Wertheimer & Co.

26th St. and Washington Ave.

REGAN WILL GET CUP

Young Baltimorean Still Leads Amateur Trap Shooters

PROFESSIONALS IN GOOD FORM

Winchester Squad Shows Up Especially Well—Tournament, Which is Open to Everybody, Comes to an End Today.

It is practically a certainty that Michael Regan, formerly of this city, will win the handsome silver cup which is offered by the Jamestown Exposition company for the best record made by an amateur during the clay target shoot which is now in progress at the fair. Mr. Regan again led the amateurs yesterday, breaking 175 out of 200 birds. He did not shoot especially well in the morning, but in the afternoon he kept pace with the professionals and brought his record for the day up.

Today is the last day of the shoot, and the attendance of a large number of trap shooters is expected. The tournament is open to everybody, and the officials have been somewhat surprised at the absence of the well known shots of the Peninsula. Shells are for sale on the grounds, and their cost is the only outlay necessary to enter.

The professionals were in good trim yesterday, the Winchester squad shooting particularly well. Following are some of the scores: Hawkins 191, Barkey 1887, Crosby 193, German 191, J. R. Taylor 193, Herr 189, H. Taylor 184.

MRS. JAMES E. ABBE, JR., PASSES QUIETLY AWAY

Peaceful End to Brave Fight for Life—Funeral at St. Paul's Church.

Mrs. Elsie Turner Abbe, wife of Mr. James E. Abbe, Jr., died yesterday morning at 5:20 o'clock at her home, 126 Twenty-sixth street. Death came peacefully and without a struggle, ending a brave fight for life against a deadly disease which set in last Monday. Mrs. Abbe, who was but 24 years old, is survived by her husband and an infant son.

Although the end came as a great shock to the family and many friends of the patient, Mrs. Abbe's condition has been critical for four days and little hope had been entertained for her recovery. Her mother, Mrs. William Turner of Nashville, Tenn., reached the city at 7:35 o'clock yesterday morning, just a little over two hours after her daughter's death.

Funeral services will be conducted at St. Paul's Episcopal church tomorrow afternoon by the pastor, Rev. A. O. Sykes, D. D. The body will be interred at Greenwood cemetery.

Mrs. Abbe was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Turner of Nashville, in which city she spent her early life. She was married at her home on November 14, 1905, and since that time had made her home here. Previous to her marriage she spent some time here and was organist for the First Presbyterian church. Later she was organist for Old St. John's church, Hampton, being a musician of unusual ability. She was a beautiful character and had wide circles of friends here, in Hampton and at her old home. Besides her parents, two brothers and three sisters survive Mrs. Abbe. They are: Mrs. William B. Allen of Alabama; Miss Adine Turner of Nashville; Mr. William Turner of Alabama City, Ala., and Mr. George Turner of this city.

SMALL NUMBER OF MEN OUT WITH THE RIFLES

Company Failed to Make Expected Good Showing in Confederate Parade.

With about fifteen men and officers in line, Huntington Rifles, Company C, Seventy-first Virginia Regiment, National Guard, journeyed across Hampton Roads about 9 o'clock yesterday morning to participate with the Seventy-first Regiment in the parade at the Exposition yesterday morning. The company met the regiment on the Deepwater pier, at Pine Beach, and from there marched into the Exposition through the Maryland avenue entrance.

The company returned here yesterday evening. The showing of the company was a disappointment to the officers and the local citizens who have been assisting in getting the company on its feet again. It had been expected that between 25 and 30 men would make the trip across the Roads and that the officers had hoped that the company would make as fine an appearance as any other command in the regiment.

VICTIM OF TYPHOID FEVER

Little Boy Dies While Visiting His Aunt in This City.

Stanley Williams, the nine year old son of Mrs. Williams, of Williamsburg, died yesterday at the home of his aunt, Mrs. O. W. Mahone, 521 Twenty-second street. The little fellow came here about six weeks ago to visit his aunt and soon after his arrival he was stricken with typhoid fever.

The body will be taken to Williamsburg on the 11:55 train this morning for interment.

False Alarm of Fire.

A false alarm of fire was turned in to the city fire department about 5:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon from box No. 23 at Warwick avenue and Twenty-third street. The East End company responded and the firemen spent some time looking for the blaze.

TO-DAY'S FOOTBALL GAMES.

Penn. vs. Carlisle Indians, at Philadelphia.

Navy vs. Lafayette, at Annapolis.

Swarthmore vs. Gettysburg, at Swarthmore.

Syracuse vs. Hamilton, at Syracuse.

Brown vs. Williams, at Providence.

Army vs. Rochester, at West Point.

Ducknell vs. U. W. Pa., at Pittsburgh.

Haverford vs. Ursinus, at Haverford.

Virginia vs. N. Carolina, at Richmond.

Washington & Jefferson vs. Westminster, at Washington, Pa.

Harvard vs. Springfield, at Cambridge.

Wisconsin vs. Illinois, at Madison.

Cornell vs. Princeton, at Ithaca.

Yale vs. Villa Nova, at New Haven.

John Hopkins vs. Baltimore M. C., at Baltimore.

Colgate vs. Hobart, at Hamilton.

Trinity vs. Wesleyan, at Hartford.

Union vs. C. C. N. Y., at Schenectady.

Rensselaer Poly vs. N. Y. U., at Troy.

Michigan vs. Ohio State, at Ann Arbor.

Bowdoin vs. Colby, at Waterville.

Amherst vs. Dartmouth, at Amherst.

Michigan Agricultural vs. Hillsdale at Lansing.

Nebraska vs. Colorado, at Lincoln.

Case School vs. Denison, at Cleveland.

Oberlin vs. Allegheny, at Oberlin.

Wisconsin vs. Illinois, at Madison.

Indiana vs. Notre Dame, at Indianapolis.

Kansas vs. Kansas State, at Lawrence.

Lehigh vs. Dickinson, at Carlisle.

Beloit vs. Oskosh N. S., at Beloit.

Back From Philippines.

Ensign C. S. Beck, U. S. N., who has just returned from the Philippines, and Mrs. Beck are the guests of Mrs. Robert Nexsen in North End.

Raleigh's Mayor Here.

Mayor James J. Johnson, of Raleigh, N. C., who has been spending several days at Hotel Warwick visiting the Exposition and other places of interest in this section, returned to Raleigh yesterday morning.

Tips at the Hotels.

All Important Question of Abolishing Them is Again Being Agitated.

Tips at hotels are, I see, once more exciting discussion. Troublesome and absurd as they are it seems more difficult to revolutionize them than to effect a political revolution in an ordinary State. The first attempt was made about forty years ago. Nothing was then charged in the bill for service, says London Truth. It was suggested that a charge should be made, and that the amount thus obtained by the hotelkeeper should be divided among the servants in lieu of all personal tipping. The hotelkeeper's jumped at this proposal, and charged for attendance in their bills, with the only result that the visitors to their establishments paid twice over, for a guest on his departure is still expected to tip the head waiter, the waiter who serves the dinner and the waiter who brings coffee after dinner, the waiter of the floor he occupies, the chambermaid, the lift boy, the chief porter, the luggage porters and one or two other servants for this reason or that. Of these the head porter and the head waiter gets the largest tips. The total thus spent is a considerable percentage on the bill in which the item for service figures. The bother and nuisance, however, of all this subdivision of spoil outweigh considerably the financial objection.

When a person buys himself a hat he does not pay the shopman who hands him one nor any other employee in the service of the latter. No does the latter make an extra charge for the services of his employees in selling the hat. Way, then, should there be any service charge on a hotel bill, or why should any tips be paid to the waiter for bringing the food any more than to the cook for cooking it?

Would it not be possible for some arrangement to be come to by which the "service" charged in the bill should be divided among the waiters and be deemed an addition to their wages? I am sure that few would complain if the amount were even more than it is, provided that it were clearly understood to cover tips. We should, no doubt, at first have ostentatious and wealthy fools still tipping, but this might be met by notices that any employee secretly taking a tip would be at once discharged, provided that the notice were acted on. As it is, a guest in the hurry of departure often tips the wrong man, and no one else seems to know precisely what the tip ought to be.

Wanted Her Pay.

Unattractive Maiden Aunt—Goodbye, Jottie. Come soon again. I hope you'll forgive me not kissing you, but I have an awful cold.

Jottie (aged six)—Never mind. Do kiss me, auntie. Mother said she'd give me five cents if I'd let you.

Life.

In Chicago.

Mrs. Dearborn—What is that hammer banging alongside of your bureau?

Mrs. Wabash—Oh, haven't you ever seen that before?

"No, I don't believe I have."

"Why, I cut a notch in the handle every time I get a divorce."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE ROUNDUP COLUMN.

Willie West Hands Out Real Poetry Fresh Off the Grindstone.

LONG OF THE TRAINING TABLE.

[Chicago university football candidates are training on vegetable and uncooked foods at Coach Stagg's orders.]

We are growing tired of bath mits and of decorated oats.

Aud of peanuts boiled and fried and on the shelf.

And as for fried-up parsnips, you can feed them to the goat.

And you might throw in the carrots just as well.

We cannot thrive on cabbage and formaldehyde apples.

We can't abide the lettuce no gratin. If this keeps up much longer, we shall rattle in our beds.

And our chief development will be a spoon.

The pall of pickled walnuts and of hub-cated prunes.

Has fallen on us with appalling force. And the tapers, croquettes we shall taste for many moons.

And the pap that trails in with the second course.

Let Alonzo take the bean skins—leave the jollies at the gate—

The pumpkin may be all right in its place. But we've brewed upon this foolishness so commonly of late

We're afraid to look a square meal in the face.

Fielder Jones has moved, and Shingleton, Pa. can now make faces at Bolivar, N. Y.

Charley Combskey's cloud has the regulation lining. He will not have to go to the poorhouse this year.

It's fierce in San Francisco since the tidal wave of reform rolled in. Even a simon pure amateur can't make any money.

TY COBB AT THE BAT.

It looked extremely rocky for the Tiger nine that day.

The score stood eight to six, with an inning left to play.

But Sam Crawford lined a single and brought suspense once more.

For Cobb, the mighty Tyrus, was doping 'out the score.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.

The land is playing somewhere, and somewhere hearts are light.

And somewhere men are laughing where there never hangs a pall.

But there is no joy in Hell since mighty Tyrus hit that ball.

There was ease in Ty Cobb's manner as he stepped into his place.

There was pride in Ty Cobb's bearing and a smile on Ty Cobb's face.

And when, responding to the silence, he tightly pulled his hat.

No stranger in the crowd could doubt 'twas Ty Cobb at the bat.

Oh, somewhere in this favored land the sun is shining bright.